$2.00 " year

JANUARY, 1949

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

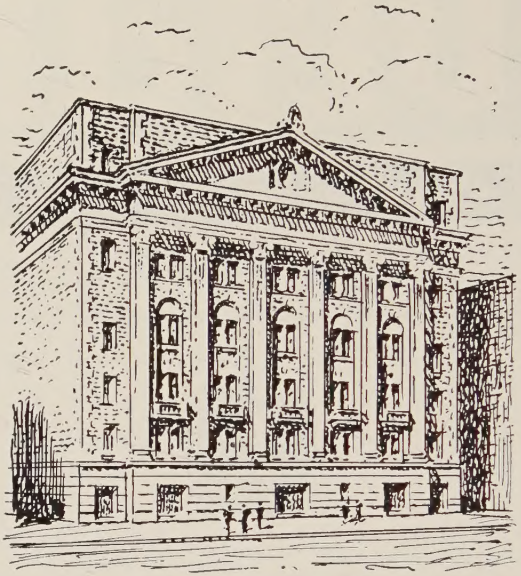
Bells of New Year

With great good cheer the bells ring out
Upon the starry night;
No threat of war, no cries of hate
Can thwart their loving might.
For all the sorrows of the year
And all the dreams gone wrong
They would atone, and once again
They flood the air with song.

They bring assurance of a day
When joy shall come to earth;
They bid all hearts that now are sad
To wait the world's rebirth—
A world in which good will shall reign,
In which all war shall cease.
Ring out, ye happy bells! Ring in
A bright new world of peace!

Arthur Gordon Field

(From "Poems for the Great Days"
Clark and Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **January, 1949** *Number 10*

COURAGE FOR 1949!

Do not live in the future. Do not let the potentiality of that future be so disturbing that it interferes with the necessary energy to live beautifully, victoriously and triumphantly every hour as that hour unfolds.

* * *

Truly, life is just one thing after another. Never one thing at a time. Sometimes it all piles up at once: disillusionment, disappointment, illness, failure, betrayal, unfortunate economic situations, a thousand, thousand things all at once. So, above all, select the things to which you will give priority as being first to be faced, adjusted and settled. . . . Don't run away from them. Decide which you will face today.

* * *

We felt at last our feet were standing upon solid rock and we could build the temple of a civilization that would never be disturbed by the selfishness of men. The temple has not been built, the foundation was not sure, with the result that seeping down to the consciousness of people everywhere there has been the spirit of frustration and a sense of defeatism. We become accustomed to it and then we write upon the halls of failure "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die!"

There is an antidote for it; there is a cure for it; and, on this first Sunday of the New Year, it is that which gives me a sense of ecstasy—THERE IS A CURE FOR IT! Science tells us so! Phychology is telling us so! Philosophy is telling us! Above all, Religion is telling us! I did not say "ecclesiasticism"—that has no answer. I did not say "the written, dogmatic creeds of the centuries"—they have no answer. I did not say merely "blind ceremony"—it has no answer. I did not say "dogma and theological argument"—they have no answer. I said "RELIGION"—and what is religion at its highest and best?

RELIGION is a sense of community! Religion is the precision by which men ascertain value! Religion is the inspiration of the soul—realizing that it is in an alien world where men have built upon the theory that bigness is greatness, and force is power—Religion is the everlasting imperative of the human spirit by which it knows that all these things are impotent and temporal, and high above it all is the great spirit of the ideal and of truth!

Now we know that we can rise and rise, leaving the old dead yesterdays with their filth and their failure behind us, while we ascend into the eternal peace and rhapsody of the divine. Any human soul, saturated and burdened by the deeds of cynicism, sorrow and remorse, can find the ecstasy of God, which will bring courage as nothing else in the world can do!

Preston Bradley.

"STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING"

(PART I)

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
November 14, 1948

THIRTY-FIVE years ago there was a young man who had recently been graduated from a State Teachers College, and he looked forward to teaching as a profession. He arrived in New York and then decided that it might take too long for him to achieve some of the things that he sought in life if he remained in the teaching profession, so he secured a job selling motor trucks. He did not know anything about motor trucks, and he cared less, but he got a job and he worked at trying to sell motor trucks, until his conscience was uneasy, for he did not feel adjusted to his work; he was not happy about it, and he became restless in it. Then some of the early hopes and dreams that he had finally superseded every other interest in his life and he said: "I am now trying to sell trucks, but I am going to find a position and see if I can teach and get into the work I love best." So he went down to Columbia University—he did not start at the bottom, but at the very top—he was a young man of great courage and he tackled the big ones. He walked right up to the front door and asked for the President. Well, the President of Columbia University thought that the University could continue without his services and probably survive, so he did not get a job at Columbia. Then he went to the New York City College and he said: "I am the best teacher you have in the teaching profession around New York anywhere and I feel that you should engage me. I want to teach. I am a graduate of the State Teachers College" (I see President Adams, President of our State Teachers College at DeKalb, in the congregation this morning, and that will have a familiar sound to him). Well, New York City College finally concluded that they could get along without him, too. Rather than being discouraged, he went over to the YMCA night school and told them what he had in mind, and the YMCA night school took him on as a teacher in a night class at the magnificent income of $5.00 for a lecture. He felt that he was worth 50 or 100 times more than that, but he was willing to start in teaching at $5.00 a night, and he did.

That experience, as it went on, taught him many interesting things, and one of the things that it taught him was the problems that people have in making personal adjustments and he got out into the area of these personal problems of people. He kept very careful notes upon his experiences; he was really conducting a clinic altho people might not have known it, and out of the accumulation of all these authenticated experiences, not mere theory, not a matter of academics, but actual experiences of people, of individuals, right where they lived, in the things they were doing and what was happening to them, he realized that many of the failures of life were failures because people were unable to make personal adjustments to life and to their circumstances, so out of the accumulation of all this he finally concluded that he would write a book of his experiences. He wrote a book, and

millions of copies of that book have been sold because this young man's name is DALE CARNEGIE, and he wrote the book "How to make Friends and Influence People" and that book grew out of these practical experiences.

Now, I know the literary critics always cast aspersions at inspirational types of books. I cannot understand quite why they do not consider them favorably, but they judge by the norm of great literature, and the so-called "inspirational" book is of little or no consequence from their point of view, and the literary critics have been rather unkind to Dale Carnegie; they were rather frightened of anything of the popular nature or character, and so they never said very much about it except, in many particulars, to criticize it and cast aspersions upon it. That did not deter Dale Carnegie whatever as he went on studying these cases, meeting these people. This book grew out of those associations and experiences. Then it was that he discovered something else in connection with the same subject of social and personal adjustment, and that was the inability of people to project and make themselves articulate authoritatively and effectively thru their inability to speak impressively and express their own point of view; that there were many people who had fine ideas, good people, but they were ineffective people, and they were ineffective because they did not possess the power to articulate or project either their own personalities or whatever they had upon their minds and hearts. Then it was that he became interested in public speaking.

I don't suppose there is any man in the United States in all of our history who has accomplished more with people, in the field of effective speaking than has Dale Carnegie. I don't know of any—you might. It was not done upon the academic basis; it was not done with groups of university and college students who were in a classroom; but it was done in the actual bivouc of the world where people were actually working—life insurance people, housewives, clerks, law students, embryonic ministers, and other people, who were out in the business of living life, not in the sequestered atmosphere of the ivory tower of the campus or classroom, but people right out battling all the time with this business of living and this matter of making a living. So Dale Carnegie conceived the idea of bringing those people in and enabling them, from the very beginning, to develop their powers of self-expression, and his accomplishment of it has been tremendous.

I was invited late last spring to give the graduating address at the Dale Carnegie Institute in the City of Milwaukee. I went there and met several hundred men and women actively engaged in their respective activities, who, in the course of weeks, had developed poise and assurance, all the faculties that are required in effective and free public speech. Not that they were professional artists, or professional orators, but they had learned a certain few fundamental, rudimental principles and out of these principles they had enlarged the scope of the influence of their own personalities. So, after seven years of this kind of experience with people who were sincere and earnest and ambitious to become effective in the field of public speaking, he came out with these various books and Institutes that he has.

Now, after seven years of study, observation and clinical practice, Dale Carnegie has given the people another book, and the title of that book is "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living"—how to stop worrying and start living. I read the book once or twice. It is not a book that you just merely

read, it is a sort of text book. The whole general character of the book is entirely different from a book to be read; it is a book to be studied. When Dale Carnegie first saw the confusion and the result of worry and anxiety upon people, he would tell his classes, "Now, write down the things that are worrying you. Come into the class, get up and talk about them, just discuss them freely," and after listening to hundreds and hundreds of people talk about this problem of worry, he concluded that the time was ripe to present the problem of worry on such a level that the very people who needed it most would find that it was possible for them to understand how to work out their problems.

There have been all kinds of books on "Worry" written by psychiatrists, psychologists, by educators and teachers—various kinds of books including the one written by Professor David Seabury entitled "How to Worry Successfully." There have been all kinds of books in philosophy, more or less on the aspect of worry. Numerous sermons have been preached; I have preached some myself, but nobody has come to terms and has become absolutely practical about what to do about worry, how to master worry, how to eliminate, how to get rid of it, until this book "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living" came along. I think, without any doubt it is the most practical presentation of the problem I know. Just think: more than one-half of the hospitalized people of America are where they are because of mental worry and disturbance. Dale Carnegie went into the New York Public Library to find out what the bibliography was there on "Worry" and what did he find? There were only 22 books on "Worry" in the New York Public Library (we have more than that here in the Chicago Library, I assure you) and there were 9 times as many books on "Worms" as there were on "Worry." You see, "Worms" and "Worry" are close together in alphabetical sequence and here were 9 times as many books on "Worms" as on "Worry" and he thought to himself, "No wonder that 50 per cent. of the people of the United States are a little daffy and are a little screwy about something when they are more interested in worms than they are in worry." So he said, "Something has to be done about that." He could not find the kind of presentation that he was looking for. So out of seven years of study, observation and experience we have the book, and for the next concluding Sunday mornings in the month of November I am going to discuss some aspect of worry, first of all, because I need it myself. Any preacher who does not preach to himself as well as to his congregation is not worth listening to, and in all the preaching I do, I preach as much to myself as to any member of the congregation because I have had to overcome, and I am still in the process of overcoming, for I am not sure that it ever is a won battle. This tendency of worrying,—not mere anxiety, but worry—has a devitalizing consequence that comes directly from that kind of an attitude toward the problems one has to meet in life.

In 1871 a young man, student in medicine in the Montreal College of Surgery in the City of Montreal, was worried about passing a final examination and about his own future in his profession. He had all the customary and quite understandable worry of a young man in that position. That young man discovered, in a sentence of Thomas Carlyle, twenty-two words that changed his life; words that came into his life at that stage of life. How pitiful that they could not have come into more lives, into mine and yours, perhaps, as they came into this man's

life. No one reads Thomas Carlyle these days, we are too busy reading Mickey Mouse and other things; we are not reading Thomas Carlyle. These twenty-two words changed his entire life, and those words ran like this: "We must not be concerned with the dim future, but must live in the great and important present." You know there are a lot of writers who are writing well these days a lot of things that are not worth writing, and what a pity it is to have ability in art or literature or philosophy, or anywhere in life, to have ability and to prostitute that ability, and the tragic aspect is that those who do prostitute that ability are aware of their own falsity, but because of some monetary consideration or social prestige, or some other factor, the prostitution continues until death or stagnation dries up their genius. That is what happens to the human soul. You cannot waste your faculties for fine thinking and fine living, you cannot waste those faculties without the inevitable tragic moment coming in life in which you will find yourself completely denuded of decency, with a conscience buried so deep that its shriek cannot be heard in your own soul. That's the reason a lot of people get to the point where they become so incrusted with their own failure, incompetency and attitude that their souls shrivel, and the greatest disaster that can happen to a personality is to see their soul begin to shrivel. That is what happens.

And these potent words came into this young man's life there in those early days as a student: *"We must not be concerned with the dim future, but must live in the great and important present."* And they worked a miracle in his own attitude and instead of thinking ahead forty years in his life he resolved then and there that he would handle adequately the immediate tasks, and the result of that decision was that years later that man, who had become the most honored man in his profession, received the highest honor that could be given to his profession when he was made Professor of Medicine at Oxford, knighted by a king, and after his death more than 2,000 pages were required to record the works of his life. That man was Dr. Osler.

When that great Doctor Osler, the man who has impressed his world, stood before a graduating class at Yale University, he said to those young men that the reiteration of that philosophy had characterized his thinking all through the years of his life. You know some of us have to make a lot of mistakes, falling down and getting up, making readjustments, suffering heartaches and tears before we see the light in this matter; but it came to him early in life. Then he closed his remarks in that commencement address by this illustration: "Recently I crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a great steamer. I was invited one day to be the guest of the Captain on the bridge. I went up and the Captain explained to me all the delicate and intricate machinery of that ship and pointed to a row of buttons, saying: 'I can push any one of them and close this ship into many little individual ships with each compartment inviolate from fire, wreck or damage—the last word in safety. These are all separate, tight compartments." Doctor Osler looked at the graduating class and said: "You are Captains of the ship of life. You have these compartments of life. You can control the past by shutting the door of it. You can control the tyranny of an uncertain gulf in the future by shutting the door of it. You can take command of your ship! You can live in day-tight compartments. You should be in command. It is to be your task and your job to sail

your ship of life straight through to the destination and to the harbor." And those young men in amazement responded and reacted and Doctor Osler has had letter after letter, communication after communication, from those young men scattered all over the globe: "I have taken command of my ship of life!"

What prevents that command for most people? Dissipation of energy and intellect over that which has happened and over that over which they have no control—the tyranny of the past, the tyranny of an experience that is over. More people, probably, have their own intellectual and spiritual vitalities mutilated because of the mistakes of yesterday than over any other reason. One of the first things to clear up the mind so that its potentiality can become articulate is to shut the compartments of the past. "Let the dead bury their dead," was the answer of Christ. "Let the dead bury their dead." Yesterday is dead. What you did, what you said, what you were should have no power upon you in this moment. The future is unknown; the past is finished; today is the hour!

I think ninety-nine per cent. of the tyranny of worry that destroys and devitalizes, discourages, creates illness and trouble, sorrow and heartache is brought about because people are so dominated by the past and are so fearful of tomorrow that they cannot perform adequately the duty of the moment, with the result that life becomes ineffective and it is impeded. I guarantee if I could speak to every person listening, in probably a half dozen sentences I would find that those who are mentally worried and spiritually anxious are dominated by something over which they have no control. You cannot do one single thing about the past, and yet it tyrannizes you. Lock the compartment, no matter what the experience was, or what happened, *SHUT THE DOOR, GET UP ON THE BRIDGE OF YOUR SHIP OF LIFE AND SAY: "I AM THE MASTER OF THIS CRAFT; I PUSH THE BUTTONS: I DO THE ORDERING: I BLOW THE WHISTLE: I FOLLOW THE CHART!"* You will see what will happen, psychologically, to you in five minutes.

If any person in this Church will go out of these doors determined to attempt that technique, by next Sunday morning when you come back, you will be a different person. Something will happen to your life this week; you will get a sense of mastery; you will get something that will fill you with enthusiasm; life will take on an entirely different aspect! Don't let yesterday crush today, and don't worry about tomorrow. Remember, today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday. Well, isn't it? Of course, it is, so today is the time, is the hour and the moment.

People ask me every day of my life: "Doctor Bradley, how do you do it? Funerals, weddings, lectures, committees, traveling, speaking, radio, sixteen or seventeen hours a day—how do you do it?" Why, I have a secret. I will tell you how I do it. It is no miracle, it is not even a mystery. *BY ATTEMPTING TO DO THE THING I AM DOING, AT THE TIME I AM DOING IT, AS BEST I CAN, AND LETTING THE FUTURE TAKE CARE OF ITSELF!* That's how I do it. I am preaching a sermon—it is not a very good one perhaps—it is the best I can do at the moment. I may get my firstly and then my fourthly and never return to my secondly and thirdly. It may not be one of sermonic perfection, and some of the highly discriminating minds may be saying, "O, that's terrible!" That probably is what is happening. But how do I do it? This is

the sermon; this is the only hour I have; this is my moment to reach your hearts; I haven't any other. I did not have one before, I will not have another; this is the hour, *THIS*. Therefore, do that immediate thing as best you can and next Sunday will take care of itself.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services...11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD
Sunday Evening Services..7:30 o'clock
Not broadcast
Church School....Sundays, 9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.

JANUARY BOOK LECTURES

Jan. 5—"The Road to Reason," by Lecomte du Nouy
Jan. 12—"Tomorrow Will Be Better," by Betty Smith.
Jan. 19—"Dr. Faustus," by Thomas Mann.
Jan. 26—"It Gives Me Great Pleasure," by Emily Kimbrough.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The January Drama Tea of The Uptown Players will be held on Sunday afternoon, January 2nd, at 4 o'clock. Two one-act plays will be presented: "Submerged," directed by Anthony Mockus; and "The Obstinate Family," directed by Joe Rogers.

One of America's outstanding women composers, Lulu Jones Downing, will be the distinguished Guest of Honor. Interpreting her music will be Luella de Windt, mezzo-soprano, and J. Bradley-Griffin, dramatic recitalist.

AUDITIONS

On Sunday, January 9th, The Uptown Players will hold auditions for membership, when anyone interested in any phase of the theatre will be eligible to audition.

JANUARY PRODUCTION

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU," the January production of the Players, will open on Wednesday evening, January 12th, and will play the evenings of Wednesday, the 12th; Thursday, the 13th; Saturday, the 15th, and on Sunday afternoon, the 16th, at 3 o'clock. The evening curtain is at 8:30. John Salling will play the role of "Grandpa."

FEBRUARY PRODUCTION

The Uptown Players will present "THE WINSLOW BOY," by Terence Rattigan, for their February attraction, with Geoffrey Lardner playing the role of Sir Robert Morrison.

The play will be presented on the evenings of Wednesday, February 16th; Thursday, the 17th; Saturday, the 19th, and on Sunday afternoon, the 20th, at 3 o'clock.

February 6th will be the date of the February drama tea.

THE CHANNING CLUB

On Friday evening, January 7th, the Channing Club will hold Open House. Dr. Preston Bradley will be the Guest Speaker. Members of the club will present an amusing Minstrel Show. Refreshments will be served and everyone is invited.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

On January 10th, at 1 o'clock in Anderson Hall, Mrs. Frederick Timms, Chairman of Civil Service and Law Observance, will present Commissioner Claude A. Walker, of Cook County Civil Service. There will be a movie

in Technicolor, after which Mrs. James Patterson, Chairman of the Conservation Department, will present Eileen Cortney, in "Beauty Through the Ages."

The hostesses of the day will be Mrs. W. B. Heath and Mrs. G. E. Brown.

RUMMAGE SALE

A very important date with the Woman's Club is their Rummage Sale, to be held January 14th, under the auspices of the Ways and Means Department.

The sale will take place at 2825 Lincoln Avenue, from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Friday, January 14th. Donations may be brought to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, or phone Longbeach 1-6878.

AMERICAN HOME DAY

At their second meeting of the month, on January 24th, American Home Day, Mrs. M. A. Miles, the Chairman of the Public Health Department, will present Dr. Herman Bundesen of the Chicago Health Department, who will deliver the address of the afternoon.

Guest artist will be Dorothy Lee Hammond, who will give a medley of American songs, accompanied by Wanda Aurig. Mrs. G. A. Schweizer and Mrs. C. W. Denicke will be hostesses.

FEBRUARY SCHEDULE

A highlight of the year will be the February calendar of the club, for at the February 7th meeting, Helen Adele Lerch Shaw will demonstrate her "Portraiture in Sculpture," and Pauline Esdale, noted whistler, will give her beautiful music, "Bird Neighbors."

Then on the 21st, there is to be a surprise program at the annual birthday party and reception to the new members.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

In the place of their own first meeting of the year, the P. & B. W. Club is giving all of its time and attention to the COOKING SCHOOL, proceeds of which will go to help "Lakewood House," the north side Mary Bartelme Home for Girls. Jan. 13, 8 p.m.

The second meeting of the new year will be a birthday party for members of the club, celebrating everybody's birthday, and with a special welcome to all the new members since the fall season opened in October. Jan. 25.

Miss Mary Nordstrom is chairman, and will be assisted by Miss Ruth Kruskopf.

FEBRUARY EVENTS

At the February 8th meeting, Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, Dr. Preston Bradley's study secretary, will give a book review of Dale Carnegie's latest book, "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living."

When asked why she chose that book to review, Miss Smalley said, "Because the book will be so helpful to business women. Every page is filled with practical help. And the book is supremely interesting—more so than one would imagine such a book could possibly be."

As always, there will be refreshments and no guest fee. Everybody welcome.

CLIFF ASPEGREN TO DO PIANO PORTRAITS

At the February 22nd meeting, "The Flying Fingers" of Cliff Aspegren will do piano portraits in the manner of Alec Templeton.

There will be a guest fee of 50c, refreshments will be served, and members are urged to give their friends the treat of this evening at the club.

THE MEN'S CLUB

This dynamic club of The Peoples Church has given some outstanding

programs from the outset of the fall season.

The club meets on the fourth Monday of the month in Anderson Hall, and though we do not have advance notice of the January and February programs at this writing, it would be well for both men and women to watch the church calendars for the announcements.

The Club has been very generous with its Ladies' Nights this year, and the ladies have shown their appreciation by a good attendance.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY of the MARY BARTELME CLUB

One of the famous COOKING SCHOOLS — this one is to be conducted by Ruth Fisher Holbrook, of Bowman Dairy Company — will be sponsored by the Preston Bradley Auxiliary, in cooperation with the Rogers Park Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club. Anderson Hall, January 13th, at 8 o'clock, is the place, date and time of this important event.

Because most of these COOKING SCHOOL events are held in the daytime, it was thought advisable to have two groups meet in cooperation and to mutually share in the benefits.

The cooking schools are always very popular with the women and it is to be hoped that every woman who reads this notice will make it a point to remember the date.

Many valuable gifts are always distributed and interesting recipes given. Whatever profit accrues will go to help the worthy Mary Bartelme Clubs in Chicago.

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President of the Preston Bradley Auxiliary, is Chairman of the event. Miss Kruskopf is a past president of the Professional and Business Woman's Club of The Peoples Church and the latter club is helping to sponsor and promote the affair. Admission will be 60c.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. H. C. HINMAN

offered by Dr. Bradley during the responsive reading of the Church Litany, at the Sunday Morning Service, November 14, 1948, in The Peoples Church

Late yesterday afternoon I was called on the telephone where I was informed of the passing of one of the oldest and most loyal friends of our Church; one who, for thirty-five years of her life, has devoted herself to the Woman's Club of our Church, and to the Church; constant and loyal in her attendance.

It is a very great loss to the Church, and it is a great sorrow to my own heart. As the years pass, how many of the people with whom we have worked and lived for so long slip away into the future, and I know that many women of the Woman's Club, and many of you in the congregation, knew Mrs. H. C. Hinman.

Mrs. Hinman has passed on and she will be buried on Monday from the Charles Smith Funeral Home at Newport, Kentucky, her old home. I am thinking at this moment of her, and the myriads of others, who have united with us in the solemnity of our Litany in this Church in the years past, and it is with special memory of Mrs. Hinman here in the Church she loved and where she had many dear friends, that these words are especially significant to us in this first service without her in many, many years.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THERE is one aspect of living and one bit of advice about which we cannot think too often; and there never was a better time to remember it than as we think about stepping across the threshold into a New Year, and of how we can somehow make life a little finer and better in 1949. It doesn't take very much of anything, money, kindness, love, to bring a little joy, a little more beauty into life. Even in the smallest gesture, in the most humble home, if it is no more than a little trinket, an inexpensive little flower purchased at the florist; if it is nothing more than the expenditure of a few pennies or merely some little thoughtful gesture, most of us could find a deeper happiness than we are finding.

It is the postponement—the waiting for the day when we shall have a big income, or when fortune shall smile upon us, and we shall have name and fame and honor, or when circumstances shall make us happy, that is the difficulty. Most of us are constantly looking way ahead to some great day and not to the day which we have. I know many people who have sacrificed and denied themselves and given up things, have fought against any immediate pleasure, refused to spend for something that they needed and wanted, even it might have been a luxury, who have postponed constantly a momentary happiness, for an anticipated enjoyment in the future.

I am thinking about the perfection by which one can, by the proper relationship between society and himself, every day of the week get the very acme of enjoyment and happiness out of life. There is too much misery in the world. Individuals are altogether too unhappy, and a part of it comes from waiting for a Utopia or expecting perfection.

You are entitled to happiness, and what is the use of postponing it? We all know the mothers who are working so hard so that their children may grow up to be fine men and women, and then, they think, they themselves will have a good rest. There should be rest along the way, and not only at the end. Don't postpone happiness for a tomorrow that may never come. Don't wait for tomorrow. Live well today and the tomorrow will be bright. P. B.

TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR SAMUEL BUCHAN

offered by Dr. Bradley during the responsive reading of the Church Litany, at the Sunday Morning Service, December 5, 1948, in The Peoples Church

On Sunday afternoon of this past week, I conducted the funeral service for the oldest member of this Church. Many of our Wisconsin listeners will recall the name, when I mention it: Doctor Samuel Buchan.

Doctor Buchan, in a very few weeks, had he lived, would have been ninety-nine years of age. I have visited him constantly during these past few months of his retirement. In Chicago, some years ago, Doctor Buchan became an ardent listener-member of this Church. He leaves behind him a great record in his profession.

He was born in Dover, Wisconsin, and has brought into this world more than 4,000 little babies, and some of them have become famous. He numbered among his friends men and women all over the country. He lived a great and a full life, and on this first service without him, in our hearts have been implanted the memories which are as eternal as the granite mountains. He was a great heart and courageous thinker, noble in his professional life. We honor him in this service.

TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR KARL LANGDON ADAMS

offered by Dr. Bradley during the responsive reading of the Church Litany, at the Sunday Morning Service, December 12, 1948, in The Peoples Church

Once again this week our Church and myself have sustained a great loss. You will recall that two weeks ago this morning I referred to the fact that present with us in the congregation were President and Mrs. Adams, of the Northern State Teachers' College at DeKalb, Illinois. This week, without a moment's warning, Doctor Adams passed away. They asked me to go to DeKalb and have a part in his funeral service, which I did.

Doctor Adams, for more than twenty years, was my very dear friend. As a member of the State Normal College Board of this State I had an opportunity of having close association with him for many, many years. He and Mrs. Adams were often in this Church. He was a great educator, a great heart. I shall miss him.

I wish you might have seen this week at the College the homage and love which was paid him by the faculty and students of that fine institution. One of the things which Doctor Adams always stood for, as President of that institution, was that no student ever would be denied the privilege of seeing him about anything that the student wanted to see him about. His office door was always open to any student.

This week lovingly and tenderly we placed his body in his office and that whole student body filed by with tears in their eyes at the loss of their President.

The Normal School Board will meet in Chicago. It will be no easy task to

find one to succeed him in the presidency at Northern Teachers' College.

But I am thinking about him this morning, his first Sunday beyond the veil. I think about it often as I stand beside the dead almost every day of my life. I, who stand here in this pulpit speaking on great eternal themes, seem so helpless when I stand beside those who have passed on. They know; every mystery is solved; the experience has come, and I am thinking today about the man who often sat here in this congregation as experiencing the finality of this plane of consciousness. It sobers our opinion; it cannot help but do that.

He left behind him a great life, a life that has implemented itself into the lives of thousands and thousands of young men and women throughout the country. I am honored to have called him friend.

And to Mrs. Adams and their two children we extend our deepest sympathy.

BOOK CHATS

IN all the history of our nation, few men have ever experienced the extremes of popularity as has Charles A. Lindbergh. From that moment when he flew the Atlantic alone and received the adulation of the entire world; during the moments when every heart broke with his in the tragedy that came into his life with the kidnapping of his son; until he was the recipient of dirision, criticism, and attack, he has maintained the composure and dignity of a great soul. And now I bring you his little book, recently published, entitled "Of Flight and Life."

Charles Lindbergh was born in Detroit in that month which has been the birth month of so many great people, February 1902. Most of his youth was spent on his parents' farm on the west bank of the Mississippi River near Little Falls, Minn., and in the City of Washington where his father served for 10 years as a member of Congress. He was only 20 when he left a course in mechanical engineering at the University of Wisconsin to become a flying student at Lincoln, Nebraska. After barnstorming with his plane for two years, he enlisted as a cadet in the Army schools at San Antonio, Texas, graduating as a Second Lieutenant, Air Corps Reserve, in 1925. In 1926 he was commissioned a captain in the Missouri National Guard. In the same year, as chief pilot for the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, he took part in organizing and flying the air-mail route between St. Louis and Chicago. After his historic flight in the Spirit of St. Louis in 1927 he surveyed air routes in the general development of American aviation. In 1930 he became interested in experiments being carried on by the French surgeon, Alexis Carrel, at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. He spent three years in Europe prior to World War II, returning in the spring of 1939 to go on active duty as a colonel in the U.S. Army Air Force. Then his position started the unfavorable reaction against him. After the outbreak of war in Europe, he opposed this country's intervention through numerous articles and addresses. He advocated a strong defensive position for America and the encouragement of a

negotiated peace in Europe. This position ended his active military service with his country and heaped upon him a great deal of criticism and condemnation. During the war he was with the Ford Motor Company at their Willow Run bomber plant and the United Aircraft Corporation in connection with the design and operation of Navy fighters. Not many people know that in 1944 he spent 5 months with Marine and Army combat squadrons in the Pacific, studying the performance of fighter planes under service conditions. Immediately after V-E day he accompanied a technical mission to Europe to study German developments in high-speed aircraft.

Now he has brought together, out of all these experiences of success and of tragedy, this little book called "Of Flight and Life." I wish all America would read it. He answers in the book two questions: How shall we break the grip of a scientific materialism whose values and standards will lead to the end of our civilization? and, By what higher moral force may we control the science that now threatens to destroy us? Science has become the victim of its technologists as religion became the victim of its fanatics. The intellectual truths of science are being perverted by the material exploitation of industry and war. Hiroshima was as far from the intention of the pure scientist as was the Inquisition from the Sermon on the Mount. The personality and insight of a unique individual—one whose experience of flight and of life has been unique—give a strange force and significance to this little book in which an airman, who is also a student of science, attempts to clarify the crisis the world faces, to communicate with men and women of similar concern, to search for a solution. In the preface Lindbergh says "There are times in life when one feels an overwhelming desire to communicate belief to others, to band together with one's fellow-men in support of a common cause. I have felt," he says, "such a desire on three occasions. The first was as a young pilot, when I became convinced that man had a great destiny in the air * * I devoted my life to planes and engines, to surveying airlines, to preaching, wherever men would listen, the limitless future of the sky. The second time was in Europe, when I saw our western peoples turning their resources into bombing planes for war. I believed that conflict between English and German groups of nations would leave Europe prostrate, destroy her cities, kill her finest men, and dangerously increase the Soviet Government's strength. For five years, at home and abroad, I spoke, wrote, and argued against war. * * The third time is at this moment—1948." Lindbergh tells us "we are now facing these problems intensified by years of war. We are in the grip of a scientific materialism, caught in a vicious cycle where our security today seems to depend on regimentation and weapons which will ruin us tomorrow. I believe the values we are creating and the standards we are now following will lead to the end of our civilization, and that if we do not control our science by a higher moral force, it will destroy us with its materialistic values, its rocket aircraft, and its atom bombs—as it has already destroyed large parts of Europe." Because of this belief, he wrote this book.

He goes on to say that "the scientist is no more guilty of the situation we are in today than those of us who have made improper use of his discoveries. Our problems are mutual. We must work them out together. Our civilization depends upon it." I can say without any qualification that I have not read any book since the war that states the problems more plainly and offers the only possible solution as does this

little book "Of Flight and Life." The following sentences state the heart of the matter: "Our salvation, and our only salvation, lies in controlling the arm of western science by the mind of a western philosophy guided by the eternal truths of God. It lies in the balanced qualities of spirit, mind, and body of our people. Without this control, without this balance, our military victories can bring no lasting peace, our laws no lasting justice, our science no lasting progress." Yes, the flight of his thought in the pages of this book is like that flight of his so many years ago across the lonely wastes of the Atlantic. It is as solitary and as daring.

* * *

And now I bring to your attention an entirely different type of book—in fact it is just 48 pages of poems by Annette Victorin, published by the Dierkes Press in a little book which the author calls "Falling Feathers." Many of these poems were first published in "A Line O' Type or Two" (in the Chicago Tribune), the Detroit News and the War Cry. At a surprise Autograph Tea which was given in September this year to honor Mrs. Victorin on the publishing of her book of poems, she announced that the royalties on the sale of "Falling Feathers" were to be shared with the Orthopedic Department of Morton High School and with the Hospitalized Veterans Writing project. This tea in honor of the author of this lovely little book of poems was given by The Pegasus Writers Forum, Berwyn Woman's Civic and Cicero Woman's Club. Mrs. Victorin, who lives at 1622 Kenilworth Avenue and has been a resident of Berwyn for the past eight years, has done much toward encouraging young writing groups in her community. One of her efforts was the organization of the Pegasus Writers Forum, of which she is president. They are a group of rudimentary writers from whom the community is even beginning to hear. She was also instrumental in establishing The Literature Study Group of the Berwyn Woman's Civic Club. Before moving to Berwyn Mrs. Victorin lived in Cicero, is an active member of the Cicero Woman's Club and Past Literature Chairman of that organization and immediate Past Chairman of the Literature Department of the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs in the 6th District. Besides being a poet with a tender grace of expression, Mrs. Victorin's short stories have appeared in many national magazines, and she is now at work on a novel.

The little book "Falling Feathers" Mrs. Victorin has dedicated to "My son, Jimmy." During the war, when Jimmy was overseas, Mrs. Victorin edited and published a little paper which she sent overseas to all of Jimmie's friends, in which she tried to keep in touch with all of them, whether they were at home or abroad. She has retained her interest in the work of the veterans and at the surprise tea given in her honor, she told of the Hospitalized Veteran's Writing Project at Hines Hospital, headed by Mrs. Elizabeth Fontaine of Barrington, who was one of the founders of the Midwestern Writers' Conference. She has picked up the torch of the hospitalized veterans' ambition to write and is helping them weave words into poems, short stories and articles by giving them enthusiasm, inspiration, books on writing technique, benefit of professional critiques, stamps, stationery and markets and by holding national contests. Mrs. Victorin urged the many professional writers present at the tea to try and spare a little time for some of this work in which she herself is engaged, and to which she is giving royalties from the sale of "Falling Feathers."

She opens her book of poems with

one she calls "Falling Star:"

"I saw a falling star
And ran and ran,
My hands outstretched and yet
I could not span
The bridge between its flash
And where I stood;
My aching hands were bare
My feet felt wood.

Oh, I have learned since then
A star can be
Reflected in a stream
That touches me.

Here is one titled "Look to the Roots:"

They say she is an atheist,
I wonder, are they right?
I watched her one long afternoon
Fixing a small boy's kite;
She likes to walk untrodden paths
And watch the stars at night,
She helped an old man cross a street
Although he was not white.
They say she is an atheist,
She seldom goes to church;
I found her once, after a storm
Beside a broken birch.

Her poem "Mother's Reverie" will, I know, appeal to all mothers:

A child can be as close to you as dew
That clings within the petals of a rose,
As close as oceans are to skies of blue,
As night is to the day that seeks repose.
A child can be as close as touch of rain
Against a cheek upon a summer morn;
As close as violets are in a lane,
As close as lush-ripe berries to the thorn.
A child can be as close to you as feel
Of sunlight on your skin at height of day,
As close as God is when you bow and kneel
And share His presence near you as you pray.
Yet there are times a child can be as far
As sheen that clings to some small distant star.

I'm very fond of her "Design For Living:"

I've brushed my sky of prejudice,
Intolerance and hate,
I've vacuumed out contempts and irks
That tend to irritate.

I've watched my sky merge into smiles
Of peace and friendliness,
For I have such a little while
To garner happiness.

The poems are quite varied in theme and will appeal to both men and women. I wish I might give you all of them, but I have chosen mostly the ones that are shorter. Mrs. Victorin calls one of her poems "When I Am Gone":

Perhaps when I am gone you will not miss
A single thing that was a part of me;
The words I spoke, my touch, my very kiss
Will merge into a dormant reverie.

The dreams of gossamer we used to weave,
The trails we trod, the hills we tried to climb;
My laughter and those moods when I would grieve,
Will linger as a half-remembered rhyme.

But this I know, and you will know it, too:
When I am gone, perhaps some mist-swept dawn,
A pair of wings will flash across the blue,
And somewhere in the woods a furtive fawn

Will clear the brush, and in the quietness
A tiny leaf will stir, and suddenly,

Out of the past, a wave of sacredness
Will crash the quiet of your memory.

There's a "Question for Hunters" I like very much:

I wonder if the huntsman in his glee
Would ever after know serenity
If he could look into a maimed buck's eyes
And see the pain that smothers outward cries.

I wonder if the huntsman in his quest
Would feel a searing conscience slow his zest,
If he could watch a fawn searching in vain
For one whose grace will never live again.

I see their patterned beauty, skyward spun,
The antlers plead against the flaming sun.

And then this poignant one which of course tells of her son, Jimmy, and is called "Snapshot of a Soldier:"

"So many months of waiting and today,
Your photo came, a dream in black and white,
The trim tan garrison set jauntily
Above blue eyes that haunt me day and night.

There is much more of you than when you left,
Your shoulders flaunt tense muscle and your chin
Protrudes; the shining bars that hug your throat
Pronounce your rating and enhance your grin.

So many months of waiting and today
Your photo came, a dream in black and white;
Your uniform fits well, yet I just see
A little boy . . . who loved to fly a kite."

* * *

One of the most valuable books which has come my way in a long time is the book called "Last Chance," published by The Beacon Press. It is not a book written by one writer—quite the contrary. Here is what it is: eleven questions on issues determining our destiny were asked of 26 leaders of thought in fourteen nations of the earth. The book consists of the answers which these 26 world leaders gave to these eleven questions. It is not a big book, but a very valuable one. No one wants to see World War 3, but each nation is doing its level best to be sure to win it. Anybody with half an eye can see that our direction today is a drift toward war in spite of the fact that many informed people have told us that not a fourth of the human race could possibly survive that war. There are certain basic problems that must be answered satisfactorily and soon, if our civilization is to survive. These problems were reduced to eleven fundamental questions and the questions were submitted to the writers of this symposium; men who, in addition to being great thinkers, writers, scientists, are also great men; men who have somehow remained miraculously sane and whole in a world of disconnected and disjointed people.

The book is divided into five parts: first, an introduction by Clara Urquhart, who conceived the plan of the book, the questions, and invited the leaders of the world to answer. Then there is a general statement on world problems by some of those who were asked the questions. Then the questions themselves, and the answers, followed by an epilogue and biographical notes. The epilogue, like the introduction, is as valuable as any other part of the book. I wish this book could be placed in the hands of every high school and college student, as well as

the young people in industry. I wish statesmen and congressmen would read every word of it. I wish the man on the street would know it intimately.

Here is question No. 1: Until recently much talk has been heard of the need to make one world of this planet. At present the trend toward a world ocmpletely divided in two is in almost uninterrupted progress. Taking into account the fact that a third world war might well bring about the extinction of the human race as we know it, how, in your opinion, can a complete split, and thus the danger of such a war be avoided?

Question No. 2: It is clear that there is a growing dislike and distrust between the two great powers, the United States and Russia. Do you believe that it is possible for these two nations to exist peacefully in the same world?

Question No. 3: The possibility that the United States and Russia may be able to live peacefully in the same world is made difficult by many factors. Chief among these perhaps is the state of affairs in three countries: Germany, Japan and China. These countries are in urgent need of reorganization and re-education. Do you think that a form of reorganization and re-education can be found that would be acceptable both to the United States and to Russia? If so, can you outline your ideas on that form?

Question No. 4: The means of propaganda in many parts of the world have been mis-used in the representation of world affairs. One grave result has been that it is impossible for the average American to regard the issues of Russia and Communism with anything short of hysteria. One assumes that, in Russia, America and capitalism are regarded with an equal lack of reason. This state of affairs has created a psychosis which is dangeous to the peace of the world. How do you think it would be possible to stop this misuse of propaganda, and to undo its harmful effects?

Question No. 5: There is general agreement that a casual connection exists between want and Communism, and many would say that the connection is between capitalism, want and Communism. Do you believe it possible to create a world where want no longer exists? If so, by what mans?

Qustion No. 6: The term "democracy" is used in many countries to mean different things. What is your interpretation of democracy? Can you outline some middle term that would conform—at least to some extent—to both the Eastern and the Western conceptions of democracy?

Question No. 7: Considering the need for an international basis for education, and more especially for an unbiased teaching of history, how do you think this could be made a practical reality?

Question No. 8: How do you think the advances in science, and more especially in medical science, could be placed at the disposal of the peoples of all the world?

Question No. 9: How do you envisage a solution to the problems resulting from the fact that many countries are overpopulated?

Question No. 10: The child of today is the citizen of tomorrow, and—since the individual is the basic entity of the social process—he must, as the adult, interpret the form of government in his country. Children in many countries today are the products of war and chaos. How can they be equipped now so as to be able—once they become adults—to analyze and

select the most successful form of government?

And the final question asked of the great leaders of the world is question No. 11: Most thinkers are agreed that it is in a spiritual and moral regeneration that salvation lies. That will be a very long process. Can you outline the preparatory steps?

Now these questions were directed to world thinkers like Kagawa, Lin Yutang, George Santayana, Luigi Sturzo, Croce, Henry Miller, Max Picard, John Dos Passos, Pearl Buck, Emil Brunner, J. B. S. Haldane, Bertrand Russell, Francesco Flora, Karl Vossler, Charles Journet, Pablo Martinez Del Rio, H. M. Basner, Trygve Lie and many others, but they represent a cross-section of world thinkers. The sense of impending disaster is occasioned by the realization that little time remains in which to ensure that humanity will not be destroyed by the very machines it has constructed. The first step toward ensuring that we may one day become individuals no longer capable of using those machines for destructive purposes is to remain alive; in order that we may indeed remain alive we must ensure that World War III will not occur. Clara Urquhart in her introduction quite rightly tells us that before the danger of such a war can be removed, there are certain grave problems to which a solution must be found. Their very gravity makes it necessary that the responsibility for their solution be shared as widely as possible. It was in order to clarify the thoughts of the reader on the pressing problems of the day that the compilation of these opinions was undertaken. Taking the form of replies to certain questions, they make available the thoughts of sincere and eminent thinkers of many different countries. This book, "Last Chance," is one I cannot recommend too highly to all who are trying to think straight, think through and think constructively on the problems of this modern world. P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THE few remaining days still in the lap of December will slip away as quickly as all the days of the year have passed. Why—the sun has crossed the winter solstice and soon we will begin to notice the lengthening days,—and Christmas has passed —and isn't it strange how soon we seem to almost forget how we spent Christmas Day, even though it may have been very pleasant and happy—the curtain has dropped on that day of merrymaking and pageantry, of special and traditional dinners, and of giving and receiving presents.

It was a very happy Christmas in our home. We had with us several young people who were far from their

homes and very much appreciated and enjoyed being in the home atmosphere with us, and we were glad to have them. Two of the young men were from Minnesota—(they are members of our Players)—another is from England, having come to America only a few months ago (he also has joined the Players). Then there was the delightful young couple who have been active in The Players' group for several years, who come regularly to church and were helpful at the Bazaar, Glenna and Ralph Tate. She has played leads in several of the most successful plays of this season (and last), is loved by all and considered one of the real stars of the organization. We have become very fond of them, and the only mar on our happy Christmas was their announcement that they are leaving Chicago to make their home in Denver! This will be a great loss to The Uptown Players, and to all of their friends. Needless to say, it is a business change that dictates this move.

Our tree was beautiful, twinkling with lights, lovely colored shining balls and other ornaments, silver icicles hanging from every branch, and high above all, on the topmost twig, the scintillating star! Packages of all shapes, in their fascinating wrappings, were stacked under the tree. There is something deeply nostalgic about a Christmas tree, to those who have memories.

As the lights were snapped on, we all sat silently looking at it, held for a few moments in the spell of this age-long emblem of the spirit of Christmas. In the soft glow surrounding the tree like a halo, I seemed to see between the boughs, grouped back of it, the smiling face of my mother—of grandmother, my aunts and uncles—the grown-ups who used to make Christmas merry for all the nieces and nephews and cousins —the grandchildren of my grandmother! My eyes became moist and the fancy faded into the shadows—this picture memory painted for a few brief seconds. The atmosphere of the room was balsam scented, the fire on the hearth crackled and gave out that delightful odor of birch, and on our front door hung a wreath of cedar sprays from our little island home way up in the north woods.

Out of doors snow was coming gently down, covering ground and trees to give us "A White Christmas," inspiring our folks to get around the piano and sing that lovely song more than once during the afternoon and evening. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without singing songs and carols, and having lots of Christmas cookies and eggnog, and a little dog tearing up the papers on the floor and galloping merrily away with long ribbons, expecting someone to run after him! And now—Christmas has passed till another year —and we stand looking up the road of the New Year. May it be fair for us all, with not too many dark spots or deep shadows, and many things fine and good to glean along the way!

Let us all resolve to do our best to make it a Happy New Year for all the world!

* * *

In the Mail Bag are many fine letters, but I think I could choose no better one to head our column for the New Year than this inspiring letter and poem from a "Most Lovely Lady" of 81! One could do no better than base their New Year resolutions on the wisdom of this letter and poem—no matter what your age! "Dear Dr. Bradley:—Part of the enclosed poem came to my attention a short time ago and appealed to me so strongly I have added a bit more to it and am using it for my "Daily Affirmation" as the thought is along the line that you have preached.

I am wondering if you know the author.

"While I will be 81 in January, I am not going to allow myself to dwell upon the sorrows and heartaches of the past, like so many elderly people do, but as I greet each new day with a prayer and this affirmation, I find that each day is filled with new opportunities of helping others and forgetting one's self in our upward climb for better things. This philosophy of yours has meant much to me and I want you to know my appreciation. Thank you so very much. Most sincerely,

Louisa B. Koehler,
6016 Nina Avenue,
Norwood Park, Chicago 31."

JUST FOR TODAY

"I've shut the door on yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes,
And locked within its gloomy walls
All failures and heartaches.
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
To furnish it with hopes and smiles
And every Springtime bloom.
No thought can enter this abode
That has a thought of pain;
And envy, malice and mistrust
Shall never entrance gain.
I've shut the door on yesterday,
And thrown the key away.
Tomorrow holds no fear for me,
Since I have found today.
Today I will be happy,
Today I will be glad;
In every way, I'll make today
The best day I have had."

Louise B. Koehler.

* * *

And here is an interesting letter from Miss Alice McCaulder, who returned early this fall from a visit in England. Many of the finest, ancient and historical churches that were so much a part of England were demolished! Terrible to think of! Miss McCaulder's letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Here is $5 toward your $200,000 'Don't Worry Club.' In your sermon on Sunday, you mentioned that the people in this country were not attending church.

"I returned two weeks ago from a two-months' visit with relatives in England. The churches in England are experiencing the same reaction. People are simply not attending church. So many of their churches are in ruins. I visited in Plymouth and Portsmouth, two cities very badly damaged by the bombing. They told us, in Plymouth alone over 70 churches were destroyed: St. Andrews, where the Pilgrim Fathers worshipped before sailing for the New World is gutted. We were there, and services are held each Sunday (of course they are open-air). Workmen were testing the foundations to see whether a new structure could be erected on the old foundations. It was odd, too; my cousin and her husband were married in St. Andrews at the beginning of the first World War, September 13, 1914, and we visited this old and beautiful ruins on September 13th of this year, their anniversary.

"I hope you are able to raise the rest of the mortgage in short order. I do enjoy your sermons and wish your church was in Joliet. If we only had more ministers of the Gospel like you!

"With kindest regards, I am, Sincerely, (Miss) Alice McCaulder."

* * *

And now these few lines from radio listeners in Milwaukee should make a few faces red of people who live within a few minutes bus ride or walking distance of the church, but can't get there (?).

"Dear Dr. Bradley: While the heading is my city address, we are unable to hear you in Milwaukee, so drive out to our little country place at (Friess Lake) Hubertus, Wisconsin, just to be able to hear you on Sunday mornings. This is twenty-five miles away but—it's worth it! Of course we never miss

you at 6 o'clock every night, as that we can get in town.

"Herewith just a small contribution to add to Sunday's offering.

Respectfully, M. F. Nilson."

May the New Year be bright with dreams come true—and God's gifts be yours of Health — Contentment and Peace!

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

WHAT PROGRESS, 1948?

As we approach the new year, inevitably we begin to make comparisons and to talk about something called progress and development. In this matter people are divided into two distinct points of view. There is one side that maintains that we are making progress; that the world is getting better; that civilization is developing and that there are evidences of advance in a great many particulars. Others can see only doom, disaster and perhaps complete collapse.

Perhaps we can clarify our confused thinking about it, if we get it straight in our minds what we mean by development, progress, advancement.

No one can deny the ever-increasing perfection of man's effort to master the laws of the cosmos of which he is a part. He is doing a very successful and triumphant job at all that. Yet when we look at the condition of man in the midst of all this, we discover a frightful and appalling increase in nervous diseases, mental breakdowns; while there isn't any doubt but what, with all that is available for physical health, the American people have unbelievably poor health, as can be seen in the number of patent medicines, pills and other concoctions which radio and the advertisements of the daily press are hurling at us every hour of the day. There is the tragic increase of crime in all age groups, but more noticeable in the youth group, until one is rudely awakened from a mere superficial observation that all is well, and that man is becoming more and more civilized.

I don't think anyone could deny that progress is not merely the perfecting of the radio or of television, but it is, what is radio saying, and what do we see in television? We cannot think of the fact of the movies as an example of progress. The thing which decides the issue is, what do people see on the moving picture screen? It is not the phonograph, but it is what you hear on the phonograph. It is not the submarine or the atomic bomb or radar that means advance, but it is what we are going to use atomic energy, radar and the submarine for.

What are the purposes for which these scientific achievements are used? That and that alone will determine, it seems to me, how much progress man has made. If man reaches that state of moral perception and sensitiveness whereby he will insist, and he has that power, that all of this be used to the advancement of man, and to create a world in which man can function more and more in keeping with his own dignity and his own power, then of course we are getting somewhere in the world. Perhaps the final and ultimate test of civilization is to be found in whether we can create an environment both in business, in government, in education, everywhere along the line, where man can develop to the full capacity of his potentialities. The highest test of civilization is whether man will have uninterrupted opportunity to develop to the fullest extent the greatness and beauty of his own personality; for it is man we must build in this world.—P.B.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER

1—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Morgan Park Woman's Club. Congregational Church.
Address. Past Master's Night. Masonic Temple, Lake Forest, Ill.

2—Radio Address WGN
Address. Chicago Drama League. Crystal Room. Blackstone Hotel.

3—Radio Address. WGN
Opening Book Lecture. 16th Season. Peoples Church.

4—Radio Address. WGN
Luncheon Address. Meadville Federated Seminary. University of Chicago.

5—Radio Address. WGN

6—Address. 25th Anniversary Dr. Jacob Singer in Temple Mizpah.

7—Two Services. Peoples Church.

8—Radio Address. WGN
Opening Address. Natl. Convention Retail Paint and Wall Paper Industries.

9—Radio Address. WGN
Annual Address. North Side Animal Shelter. Ravenswood Masonic Temple.

10—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

11—Radio Address. WGN
Cut Record for WGN
Address Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination. Roosevelt College.

12—Radio Address WGN (E.T.)
Address. State Convention IWLA Northland Hotel, Green Bay, Wis.

14—Two Services. Peoples Church.

15—Radio Address. WGN

16—Radio Address. WGN
Cut Record. WIND
Address. Industrial Club, High School Auditorium, Elkhart, Ind.

17—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND (E.T.)
Address. Lion's Club, Elkhart, Ind.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
Address. Hyde Park Liberal Congregation, Shotwell Hall.

18—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Peoples Church Bazaar

19—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Peoples Church Bazaar

21—Two Services. Peoples Church.

22—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. History Awards Contest. Washburn Trade School.
Address. Woman's Club, Peoples Church.
Read Paper. Chicago Literary Club.

23—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Cut Record. WGN

24—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Thanksgiving Meeting. Hyde Park Kiwanis Club. Windermere East Hotel.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

25—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Thanksgiving Sermon. Peoples Church.

26—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

27—Address. W. Virginia Hotel Men's Association. Greenbrier Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

28—Evening Service Peoples Church. (Morning Service by Curtis Reese.)

29—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

30—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Lion's Club Banquet. Monterey Hotel, Janesville, Wis.

WEDDINGS

6—LaVere Hunter and Chapin Ross
11—June Sturgell and Howard J. Gooden
13—Dolores Witthoefft and Howard Karnuth
20—Inez Eli and Albert E. Weber
Consuelo Carlson and Milford J. Hunter
22—Rose M. DeLarco and Harry A. Hewitt, Jr.
21—Lois E. Hall and Melvin Gage
24—Phoebe Jenkins and Maurice Ritman
25—Alice L. Koplin and John Stonehouse
Ernestine M. Shaw and John V. Rushton

FUNERALS

3—Mrs. Helen Murphy
6—Richard D. Kohn
11—Eldora Peterson
15—J. Frank Meyer
Roy Birkle
F. H. Hommel
Bertil Youngberg
18—Thomas Bisland
20—Vendela Gaylord
23—Alma De Vier
24—Viggo Brix (War Casualty)
29—Dr. Samuel Collins Buchan

CHRISTENINGS

7—Bonnie Louise Laguatan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Fermin Laguatan
14—John Fitch Bennett, Jr., son of Mr. & Mrs. John Fitch Bennett
21—Richard Edouard Gervais, son of Mr. & Mrs. Carol Gervais

The following new members were publicly welcomed into The Peoples Church November 7, 1948.

Mrs. Alice Anderson
Mr. and Mrs. Dean A. Baker, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. George Billington
Miss Dorothy Billington
Mrs. Edna Britton
Miss Shirley Britton
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